

GEORGE R.

GEORGE the Second, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting. Whereas *James Buckland, James Waugh, John Ward, Thomas Longman, and Edward Dilly*, Citizens and Booksellers of our City of London, have by their Petition humbly represented unto Us, that they have purchased the Copy-Right of the **WHOLE WORKS** of the late Doctor **ISAAC WATTS**, and that they are now printing and preparing for the Press, new Editions with Improvements of several of the separate Pieces of the said Doctor *Isaac Watts*. They have therefore most humbly prayed Us, that We would be graciously pleased to grant them our Royal Licence and Protection for the sole printing, publishing, and vending the said Works, in as ample Manner and Form as has been done in Cases of the like Nature; We being willing to give all due Encouragement to Works of this Nature, which may be of public Use and Benefit, are graciously pleased to condescend to their Request, and do therefore by these Presents, as far as may be agreeable to the Statute in that Behalf made and provided, grant unto them, the said *James Buckland, James Waugh, John Ward, Thomas Longman, and Edward Dilly*, their Executors, Administrators, and Assigns, our Royal Privilege and Licence, for the sole printing, publishing, and vending the said Works for the Term of fourteen Years, to be computed from the Date hereof: strictly forbidding and prohibiting all our Subjects within our Kingdoms and Dominions, to reprint, abridge, or translate the same, either in the like, or any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever, or to import, buy, vend, utter, or distribute any Copies thereof; or printed beyond the Seas, during the aforesaid Term of fourteen Years, without the Consent and Approbation of the said *James Buckland, James Waugh, John Ward, Thomas Longman, and Edward Dilly*, their Executors, Administrators and Assigns, by Writing under their Hands and Seals first had and obtained, as they and every of them offending herein, will answer the contrary at their Peril: whereof the Commissioners and other Officers of our Customs, the Master, Wardens, and Company of *Stationers* of our City of London, and all other our Officers and Ministers, whom it may concern, are to take Notice, that due Obedience be rendered to our Pleasure herein signified.

Given at our Court at St James's the Twenty First Day of *March*, 1758, in the Thirty First Year of Our Reign.

By His Majesty's Command,

W. PITT.

D I V I N E
S O N G S

ATTEMPTED IN
EASY LANGUAGE

FOR THE USE OF
C H I L D R E N.

By I. WATTS, D. D.

MATT. xxi. 16.

Out of the Mouth of Babes and Sucklings thou hast
perfected Praise.

L O N D O N:

Printed for H. WOODFALL; J. and F.
RIVINGTON; T. LONGMAN; W. FENNER;
T. FIELD; and E. and C. DILLY.

M. DCC. LXIX.

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P R E F A C E,

To all that are concerned in

The EDUCATION of CHILDREN.

My Friends,

IT is an awful and important Charge that is committed to you. The Wisdom and Welfare of the succeeding Generation are intrusted with you beforehand, and depend much on your Conduct. The Seeds of Misery or Happiness in this World, and that to come, are oftentimes

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sown very early; and therefore whatever may conduce to give the Minds of Children a Relish for Virtue and Religion, ought, in the first Place, to be proposed to you.

VERSE was at first designed for the Service of GOD, though it hath been wretchedly abused since. The Ancients, among the Jews and the Heathens, taught their Children and Disciples the Precepts of Morality and Worship in Verse. The Children of Israel were commanded to learn the Words of the Song of *Moses*, *Deut.* xxxi. 19, 30. And we are directed in the New Testament, not only to sing *with Grace in the Heart*, but *to teach, and admonish one another by Hymns and Songs*, *Ephes.* v. 19. And there are these four Advantages in it.

I. THERE

I. THERE is a great Delight in the very learning of Truths and Duties this Way. There is something so amusing and entertaining in Rhymes and Metre, that will incline Children to make this Part of their Business a Diversion. And you may turn their very Duty into a Reward, by giving them the Privilege of learning one of these SONGS every Week, if they fulfil the Business of the Week well, and promising them the Book itself, when they have learnt ten or twenty Songs out of it.

II. WHAT is learnt in *Verse*, is longer retained in Memory, and sooner recollected. The like Sounds, and the like Number of Syllables, exceedingly assist the Remembrance. And it may often happen, that the End of a Song
running

running in the Mind, may be an effectual means to keep off some Temptations, or to incline to some Duty, when a Word of Scripture is not upon their Thoughts.

III. THIS will be a constant Furniture for the Minds of Children, that they may have something to think upon when alone, and sing over to themselves. This may sometimes give their Thoughts a divine Turn, and raise a young Meditation. Thus they will not be forced to seek Relief for an Emptiness of Mind, out of the loose and dangerous Sonnets of the Age.

IV. THESE *Divine Songs* may be a pleasant and proper Matter for their Daily or Weekly Worship, to sing one in the Family, at such Time as the Parents or Governors shall appoint;
and

and therefore I have confined the Verse to the most usual Psalm Tunes.

THE greatest Part of this little Book was composed several Years ago, at the Request of a Friend, who has been long engaged in the Work of Catechising a very great Number of Children of all kinds, and with abundant Skill and Success. So that you will find here nothing that favours of a Party: The Children of high and low degree, of the Church of England, or Dissenters, baptized in Infancy, or not, may all join together in these Songs. And as I have endeavoured to sink the Language to the Level of a Child's Understanding, and yet to keep it, if possible, above Contempt; so I have designed to profit all, if possible, and offend none. I hope the more general
the

the Sense is, these Composures may be of the more universal Use and Service.

I have added at the End, some Attempts of SONNETS on MORAL SUBJECTS, for Children, with an Air of Pleasantry, to provoke some fitter Pen to write a little Book of them.

MAY the Almighty God make you faithful in this important Work of Education; may he succeed your Cares with his abundant Grace, that the rising Generation of Great Britain may be a Glory among the Nations, a Pattern to the Christian World, and a Blessing to the Earth.



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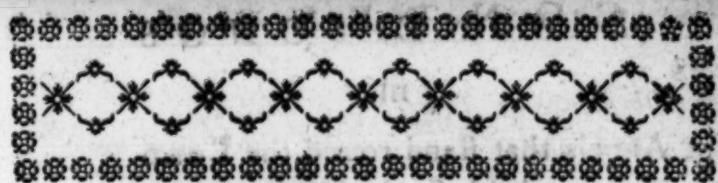
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A Right Specimen of MORAL SONGS,
namely,

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DIVINE



DIVINE SONGS
FOR
CHILDREN.



SONG. I.

A general Song of Praise to God.

i.

HOW glorious is our heav'nly King,
Who reigns above the Sky!
How shall a Child presume to sing
His dreadful Majesty?

ii.

How great his Pow'r is, none can tell,
Nor think how large his Grace;
Not Men below, nor Saints that dwell
On high before his Face.

B

III. Not

III.

Not Angels that stand round the LORD
 Can search his secret Will ;
 But they perform his heav'nly Word,
 And sing his Praises still.

IV.

Then let me join this holy Train,
 And my first Off'rings bring ;
 Th' eternal God will not disdain
 To hear an Infant sing.

V.

My Heart resolves, my Tongue obeys,
 And Angels shall rejoice,
 To hear their mighty Maker's Praise
 Sound from a feeble Voice.

SONG II.

Praise for Creation and Providence.

I Sing th' Almighty Pow'r of God,
 That made the Mountains rise,
 That spread the flowing Seas abroad,
 And built the lofty Skies.

II.

I sing the Wisdom that ordain'd
The Sun to rule the Day ;
The Moon shines full at his Command,
And all the Stars obey.

III.

I sing the Goodness of the LORD,
That fill'd the Earth with Food ;
He form'd the Creatures with his Word,
And then pronounc'd them Good.

V.

LORD, how thy Wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn mine Eye
If I survey the Ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the Sky !

V.

There's not a Plant or Flow'r below,
But makes thy Glories known ;
And Clouds arise, and Tempests blow,
By Order from thy Throne.

VI.

Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
Are subject to thy Care ;
There's not a Place where we can see,
But God is present there.

4 DIVINE SONGS

VII.

In Heav'n he shines with Beams of Love,
 With Wrath in Hell beneath!
 'Tis on his Earth I stand or move,
 And 'tis his Air I breathe.

VIII.

His Hand is my perpetual Guard,
 He keeps me with his Eye:
 Why should I then forget the LORD,
 Who is for ever nigh?

SONG III.

Praise to God for our Redemption.

I.

Blest be the Wisdom and the Pow'r,
 The Justice and the Grace,
 That join'd in Council to restore,
 And save our ruin'd Race.

II.

Our Father eat forbidden Fruit,
 And from his Glory fell;
 And we his Children thus were brought
 To Death, and near to Hell.

III. Blest

III.

Blest be the LORD, that sent his Son
To take our Flesh and Blood ;
He for our Lives gave up his own,
To make our Peace with God.

IV.

He honour'd all his Father's Laws,
Which we have disobey'd ;
He bore our Sins upon the Cross,
And our full Ransom paid.

V.

Behold Him rising from the Grave,
Behold Him rais'd on high ;
He pleads his Merit there, to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.

VI.

There on a glorious Throne he reigns,
And by his Pow'r divine
Redeems us from the slavish Chains
Of Satan and of Sin.

VII.

Thence shall the LORD to Judgment come,
And with a sov'reign Voice
Shall call, and break up ev'ry Tomb,
While waking Saints rejoice.

6 DIVINE SONGS

VIII.

O may I then with Joy appear
Before the Judge's Face,
And with the bless'd Assembly there
Sing his redeeming Grace.

SONG IV.

*Praise for Mercies, Spiritual and
Temporal.*

I.

W Hene'er I take my Walks abroad,
How many Poor I see?
What shall I render to my God
For all his Gifts to me?

II.

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath giv'n me more;
For I have Food, while others starve,
Or beg from Door to Door.

III.

How many Children in the Street
Half naked I behold?
While I am cloth'd from Head to Feet,
And cover'd from the Cold.

IV. While

FOR CHILDREN.

7

IV.

While some poor Wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their Head ;
I have a Home wherein to dwell ;
And rest upon my Bed.

V.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal ;
LORD, I am taught thy Name to fear,
And do thy holy Will.

VI.

Are these thy Favours Day by Day
To me above the rest ?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

SONG V.

*Praise for Birth and Education in a
Christian Land.*

I.

Great God, to thee my Voice I raise,
To thee my youngest Hours belong,
I would begin my Life with Praise,
Till growing Years improve the Song.

II. 'Tis

II.

'Tis to thy sov'reign Grace I owe
 That I was born on British Ground,
 Where Streams of heav'nly Mercy flow,
 And Words of sweet Salvation sound.

III.

I would not change my native Land
 For rich Peru with all her Gold:
 A nobler Prize lies in my Hand,
 Than East or Western Indies hold.

IV.

How do I pity those that dwell
 Where Ignorance and Darknefs reigns?
 They know no Heaven, they fear no Hell,
 Those endless Joys, those endless Pains.

V.

Thy glorious Promises, O LORD,
 Kindle my Hopes and my Desire;
 While all the Preachers of thy Word
 Warn me to 'scape eternal Fire.

VI.

Thy Praise shall still employ my Breath,
 Since thou hast mark'd my Way to Heav'n;
 Nor will I run the Road to Death,
 And waste the Blessings thou hast giv'n.

SONG

SONG VI.

Praise for the Gospel.

I.

LORD, I ascribe it to thy Grace,
And not to Chance as others do,
That I was born of Christian Race,
And not a Heathen, or a Jew.

II.

What would the ancient Jewish Kings,
And Jewish Prophets, once have giv'n,
Could they have heard these glorious Things,
Which CHRIST reveal'd and brought from
[Heav'n ?]

III.

How glad the Heathens would have been,
That worship Idols, Wood and Stone,
If they the Book of God had seen,
Or JESUS and his Gospel known !

IV.

Then if this Gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine Eyes ?
For all the Gentiles and the Jews,
Against me will in Judgment rise.

SONG VII.

The Excellency of the Bible.

I.

Great God, with Wonder and with Praise,
 On all thy Works I look ;
 But still thy Wisdom, Pow'r and Grace,
 Shine brighter in thy Book.

II.

The Stars that in their Courses roll,
 Have much Instruction giv'n ;
 But thy good Word informs my Soul
 How I may climb to Heaven.

III.

The Fields provide me Food, and shew
 The Goodness of the LORD ;
 But Fruits of Life and Glory grow
 In thy most holy Word.

IV.

Here are my choicest Treasures hid,
 Here my best Comfort lies ;
 Here my Desires are satisfy'd,
 And hence my Hopes arise.

V. LORD,

FOR CHILDREN. 111

V.

LORD, make me understand thy Law,
Show what my Faults have been;
And from thy Gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my Sin.

VI.

Here would I learn how CHRIST has dy'd
To save my Soul from Hell:
Not all the Books on Earth beside
Such heav'nly Wonders tell.

VII.

Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh Delight
By Day to read these Wonders o'er,
And meditate by Night.

SONG VIII.

Praise to GOD for learning to Read.

I.

THE Praises of my Tongue
I offer to the LORD,
That I was taught, and learnt so young
To read his holy Word.

II. That

12 DIVINE SONGS

II.

That I am brought to know
The Danger I was in,
By Nature, and by Practice too,
A wretched Slave to Sin.

III.

That I am led to see
I can do nothing well ;
And whither shall a Sinner flee,
To save himself from Hell ?

IV.

Dear LORD, this Book of thine
Informs me where to go
For Grace to pardon all my Sin,
And make me holy too.

V.

Here I can read, and learn
How CHRIST, the Son of GOD,
Has undertook our great Concern ;
Our Ransom cost his Blood.

VI.

And now He reigns above
He sends his Spirit down,
To shew the Wonders of his Love,
And make his Gospel known.

VII. O

VII.

O may that Spirit teach,
And make my Heart receive
Those Truths which all thy Servants preach,
And all thy Saints believe.

VIII.

Then shall I praise the LORD
In a more chearful Strain,
That I was taught to read his Word,
And have not learnt in vain.

SONG IX.

The All-seeing God.

I.

Almighty God, thy piercing Eye
Strikes thro' the Shades of Night,
And our most secret Actions lie
All open to thy Sight.

II.

There's not a Sin that we commit,
Nor wicked Word we say,
But in thy dreadful Book 'tis writ,
Against the Judgment-day.

C

III, And

III.

And must the Crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there;
Be all expos'd before the Sun,
While Men and Angels hear?

IV.

LORD, at thy Foot asham'd I lie;
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my Sins before I die,
And blot them from thy Book.

V.

Remember all the dying Pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his Blood wash out my Stains,
And answer for my Guilt.

VI.

O may I now for ever fear
T' indulge a sinful Thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down ev'ry Fault.

SONG

SONG X.

Solemn Thoughts of God and Death.

I.

THERE is a GOD that reigns above,
 LORD of the Heavens, and Earth
 [and Seas :
 I fear his Wrath, I ask his Love,
 And with my Lips I sing his Praise.

II.

There is a Law which He has writ,
 To teach us all what we must do :
 My Soul, to his Commands submit,
 For they are holy, just and true.

III.

There is a Gospel of rich Grace,
 Whence Sinners all their Comforts draw :
 LORD, I repent, and seek thy Face ;
 For I have often broke thy Law.

IV.

There is an Hour when I must die,
 Nor do I know how soon 'twill come ;
 A thousand Children young as I,
 Are call'd by Death to hear their Doom.

V.

Let me improve the Hours I have,
 Before the Day of Grace is fled ;
 There's no Repentance in the Grave,
 Nor Pardons offer'd to the Dead.

VI.

Just as a Tree cut down, that fell
 To North or Southward, there it lies ;
 So Man departs to Heaven or Hell,
 Fix'd in the State wherein he dies.

SONG XI.

Heaven and Hell.

I.

There is beyond the Sky
 A Heaven of Joy and Love ;
 And holy Children when they die
 Go to that World above.

II.

There is a dreadful Hell,
 And everlasting Pains ;
 There Sinners must with Devils dwell
 In Darkness, Fire and Chains.

III. Can

FOR CHILDREN. 1731

III.

Can such a Wretch as I
Escape this cursed End?
And may I hope whene'er I die
I shall to Heav'n ascend?

IV.

Then will I read and pray
While I have Life and Breath;
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent to eternal Death.

S O N G XII.

The Advantages of early Religion.

I.

HAppy's the Child whose youngest years
Receive Instructions well;
Who hates the Sinner's Path, and fears
The Road that leads to Hell.

II.

When we devote our Youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his Eyes;
A Flower, when offer'd in the Bud,
Is no vain Sacrifice.

18 DIVINE SONGS

III.

'Tis easier Work if we begin
To fear the LORD betimes ;
While Sinners that grow old in Sin
Are harden'd in their Crimes.

IV.

'Twill save us from a thousand Snares,
To mind Religion young ;
Grace will preserve our following Years,
And make our Virtue strong.

V.

To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our Childhood we resign :
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole Lives were thine.

VI.

Let the sweet Work of Prayer and Praise
Employ my youngest Breath ;
Thus I'm prepar'd for longer Days,
Or fit for early Death.



SONG

SONG XIII.

The Danger of Delay.

I.

WHY should I say, "'Tis yet too soon
"To seek for Heaven, or think of Death?"

A Flower may fade before 'tis Noon,
And I this day may lose my Breath.

II.

If this rebellious Heart of mine
Despise the gracious Calls of Heav'n,
I may be harden'd in my Sin,
And never have Repentance giv'n.

III.

What if the LORD grow wroth, and swear,
While I refuse to read and pray,
That he'll refuse to lend an Ear
To all my Grones another Day?

IV.

What if his dreadful Anger burn,
While I refuse his offer'd Grace,
And all his Love to Fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the Place?

V. 'Tis

V.

'Tis dang'rous to provoke a God;
 His Pow'r and Vengeance none can tell;
 One Stroke of his Almighty Rod
 Shall send young Sinners quick to Hell.

VI.

Then 'twill for ever be in vain
 To cry for Pardon and for Grace;
 To wish I had my Time again,
 Or hope to see my Maker's Face.

SONG XIV.

Examples of early Piety.

I.

WHAT blest'd Examples do I find
 Writ in the Word of Truth,
 Of Children that began to mind
 Religion in their Youth.

II.

JESUS, who reigns above the Sky,
 And keeps the World in Awe,
 Was once a Child as young as I,
 And kept his Father's Law.

III. At

III.

At twelve Years old he talk'd with Men,
 (The Jews all wond'ring stand)
 Yet he obey'd his Mother then,
 And came at her Command,

IV.

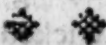
Children a sweet Hofanna sung,
 And blest their Saviour's Name;
 They gave him Honour with their Tongue,
 While Scribes and Priests blaspheme.

V.

Samuel the Child was wean'd, and brought
 To wait upon the LORD;
 Young Timothy betimes was taught
 To know his holy Word.

VI.

Then why should I so long delay
 What others learn so soon?
 I would not pass another Day
 Without this Work begun.



SONG XV.

Against Lying.

I.

O 'Tis a lovely Thing for Youth,
 To walk betimes in Wisdom's Way;
 To fear a Lie, to speak the Truth,
 That we may trust to all they say.

II.

But Lfars we can never trust,
 Tho' they should speak the Thing that's true,
 And he that does one Fault at first,
 And lies to hide it, makes it two.

III.

Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
 How GOD abhors Deceit and Wrong?
 How Ananias was struck was dead,
 Catch'd with a Lie upon his Tongue?

IV.

So did his Wife Sapphira die,
 When she came in and grew so bold
 As to confirm that wicked Lie,
 That just before her Husband told.

V. The

V.

The LORD delights in them that speak
The Words of Truth ; but ev'ry Liar
Must have his Portion in the Lake
That burns with Brimstone and with Fire.

VI.

Then let me always watch my Lips,
Lest I be struck to Death and Hell,
Since GOD a Book of Reck'ning keeps
For ev'ry Lie that Children tell.

S O N G XVI.

Against Quarrelling and Fighting.

I.

LET Dogs delight to bark and bite,
For GOD hath made them so ;
Let Bears and Lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their Nature too.

II.

But, Children, you should never let
Such angry Passions rise ;
Your little Hands were never made
To tear each other's Eyes.

III. Let

III.

Let Love thro' all your Actions run,
 And all your Words be mild;
 Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,
 That sweet and lovely Child.

IV.

His Soul was gentle as a Lamb;
 And as his Stature grew,
 He grew in Favour both with Man,
 And GOD his Father too.

V.

Now, LORD of all, He reigns above,
 And from his heav'nly Throne,
 He sees what Children dwell in Love,
 And marks them for his own.

SONG XVII.

Love between Brothers and Sisters.

I.

Whatever Brawls disturb the Street,
 There should be Peace at Home,
 Where Sisters dwell and Brothers meet,
 Quarrels should never come.

II. Birds

II.

Birds in their little Nests agree ;
And 'tis a shameful Sight,
When Children of one Family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

III.

Hard Names at first, and threatning Words,
That are but noisy Breath,
May grow to Clubs and naked Swords,
To Murder and to Death.

IV.

The Devil tempts one Mother's Son
To rage against another :
So wicked Cain was hurry'd on
Till he had kill'd his Brother.

V.

The Wise will make their Anger cool,
At least, before 'tis Night ;
But in the Bosom of a Fool
It burns till Morning-Light.

VI.

Pardon, O LORD, our childish Rage,
Our little Brawls remove ;
That as we grow to riper Age,
Our Hearts may all be Love.

D

SONG

SONG^{II} XVIII.

Against Scoffing and calling Names.

[LORD,
OUR Tongues were made to bless the
 And not speak ill of Men;
 When others give a railing Word,
 We must not rail again.

II.

Cross Words and angry Names require
 To be chastis'd at School;
 And he's in danger of Hell-fire,
 That calls his Brother Fool.

III.

But Lips that dare be so profane,
 To mock and jeer and scoff
 At holy Things, or holy Men,
 The LORD shall cut them off.

IV.

When Children in their wanton Play
 Sery'd old Elisha so;
 And bid the Prophet go his Way,
 "Go up, thou Bald-head, Go;"

V. GOD

V.

GOD quickly stopt their wicked Breath,
And sent two raging Bears,
That tore them Limb from Limb to Death,
With Blood, and Groans, and Tears.

VI.

Great God, how terrible art Thou
To Sinners, e'er so young!
Grant me thy Grace, and teach me how
To tame and rule my Tongue.

SONG XIX.

*Against Swearing, and Cursing, and
taking God's Name in vain.*

I.

ANGELS, that high in Glory dwell,
Adore thy Name, Almighty God!
And Devils tremble down in Hell,
Beneath the Terrors of thy Rod.

II.

And yet how wicked Children dare
Abuse thy dreadful glorious Name!
And when they're angry, how they swear,
And curse their Fellows, and blaspheme!

III.

How will they stand before thy Face,
 Who treated thee with such Disdain,
 While thou shalt doom them to the Place
 Of everlasting Fire and Pain?

IV.

Then never shall one cooling Drop
 To quench their burning Tongues be giv'n;
 But I will praise thee here, and hope
 Thus to employ my Tongue in Heav'n.

V.

My Heart shall be in Pain to hear
 Wretches affront the LORD above;
 'Tis that great GOD, whose Pow'r I fear;
 That heav'nly Father, whom I love.

VI.

If my Companions grow profane,
 I'll leave their Friendship, when I hear
 Young Sinners take thy Name in vain,
 And learn to curse, and learn to swear.



SONG

SONG XX.

Against Idleness and Mischief.

I.

HOW doth the little busy Bee
Improve each shining Hour,
And gather Honey all the Day
From ev'ry op'ning Flow'r!

II.

How skilfully she builds her Cell!
How neat she spreads the Wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet Food she makes.

III.

In Works of Labour, or of Skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some Mischief still
For idle Hands to do.

IV.

In Books, or Work, or healthful Play,
Let my first Years be past,
That I may give for ev'ry Day
Some good Account at last.

36 DIVINE SONGS

SONG XXI.

Against evil Company.

I.

WHY should I join with those in Play,
In whom I've no Delight;
Who curse and swear, but never pray;
Who call ill Names, and fight?

II.

I hate to hear a wanton Song;
Their Words offend my Ears;
I should not dare defile my Tongue
With Language such as theirs.

III.

Away from Fools I'll turn my Eyes,
Nor with the Scoffers go;
I would be walking with the Wife,
That wiser I may grow.

IV.

From one rude Boy that's us'd to mock,
They learn the wicked Jest;
One sickly Sheep infects the Flock
And poisons all the rest.

V. My

V.

My God, I hate to walk, or dwell
 With sinful Children here ;
 Then let me not be sent to Hell,
 Where none but Sinners are.

S O N G XXII.

Against Pride in Clothes.

I.

WHY should our Garments, made to hide
 Our Parents Shame, provoke our Pride?
 The Art of Dress did ne'er begin,
 Till Eve, our Mother, learnt to sin.

II.

When first she put the Cov'ring on,
 Her Robe of Innocence was gone ;
 And yet her Children vainly boast
 In the sad Marks of Glory lost.

III.

How proud we are ! how fond to show
 Our Clothes, and call them rich and new !
 When the poor Sheep and Silk-worm wore
 That very Clothing long before.

IV. The

32 DIVINE SONGS

IV.

The Tulip and the Butterfly
Appear in gayer Coats than I :
Let me be drest fine as I will,
Flies, Worms and Flow'rs exceed me still.

V.

Then will I set my Heart to find
Inward Adornings of the Mind ;
Knowledge and Virtue, Truth and Grace,
These are the Robes of richest Dress.

VI.

No more shall Worms with me compare ;
This is the Raiment Angels wear ;
The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this blest Apparel too.

VII.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the Rain, nor Moth, nor Mold ;
It takes no Spot, but still refines ;
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

VIII.

In this on Earth would I appear ;
Then go to Heav'n, and wear it there ;
God will approve it in his Sight ;
'Tis his own Work, and his Delight.

SONG

SONG XXIII.

Obedience to Parents.

I.

LET Children that would fear the LORD
Hear what their Teachers say;
With Rev'rence meet their Parents Word,
And with Delight obey.

II.

Have not you heard what dreadful Plagues
Are threaten'd by the LORD,
To him that breaks his Father's Law,
Or mocks his Mother's Word?

III.

What heavy Guilt upon him lies!
How cursed is his Name!
The Ravens shall pick out his Eyes,
And Eagles eat the same.

IV.

But those who worship God, and give
Their Parents Honour due,
Here on this Earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

SONG XXIV.

The Child's Complaint.

I.

WHY should I love my Sport so well,
So constant at my Play,
And lose the Thoughts of Heav'n and Hell;
And then forget to pray?

II.

What do I read my Bible for,
But, LORD, to learn thy Will:
And shall I daily know thee more,
And less obey thee still?

III.

How senseless is my Heart and wild!
How vain are all my Thoughts!
Pity the Weakness of a Child,
And pardon all my Faults.

IV.

Make me thy heav'nly Voice to hear,
And let me love to pray;
Since God will lend a gracious Ear
To what a Child can say.

SONG XXV.

A MORNING SONG.

I.

MY God, who makes the Sun to know
His proper Hour to rise,
And to give Light to all below,
Doth send him round the Skies.

II.

When from the Chambers of the East
His Morning-Race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest;
But round the World he shines.

III.

So, like the Sun, would I fulfil
The Business of the Day;
Begin my Work betimes, and still
March on my heav'nly Way.

IV.

Give me, O LORD, thy early Grace,
Nor let my Soul complain
That the young Morning of my Days
Has all been spent in vain.

SONG

SONG XXVI.

An EVENING SONG.

I.

AND now another Day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's Praise;
My Comforts ev'ry Hour make known
His Providence and Grace.

II.

But how my Childhood runs to waste!
My Sins, how great their Sum!
LORD, give me Pardon for the past,
And Strength for Days to come.

III.

I lay my Body down to sleep
Let Angels guard my Head,
And thro' the Hours of Darkness keep
Their Watch around my Bed.

IV.

With chearful Heart I close my Eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the Morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy Love.

SONG XXVII.

For the LORD'S-DAY MORNING.

I.

THIS is the Day, when CHRIST arose
So early from the Dead;
Why should I keep my Eye-lids clos'd,
And waste my Hours in Bed?

II.

This is the Day, when JESUS broke
The Pow'rs of Death and Hell;
And shall I still wear Satan's Yoke,
And love my Sins so well?

III.

To-Day with Pleasure Christians meet
To pray and hear the Word:
And I would go with chearful Feet
To learn thy Will, O LORD.

IV.

I'll leave my Sport, to read and pray,
And so prepare for Heaven:
O may I love this blessed Day
The best of all the Seven!

38 DIVINE SONGS

SONG XXVIII.

For the LORD'S-DAY EVENING.

I.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole Assembly worship Thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of Heaven, and learn the Way.

II.

I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little Heav'n below;
Not all my Pleasure and my Play
Shall tempt me to forget this Day.

III.

O write upon my Mem'ry, LORD,
The Texts and Doctrines of thy Word;
That I may break thy Laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

IV.

With Thoughts of CHRIST and Things divine
Fill up this foolish Heart of mine;
That hoping Pardon thro' his Blood,
I may lie down, and wake with GOD.

The

*The TEN COMMANDMENTS, out of the
Old Testament, put into short Rhyme
for CHILDREN.*

EXODUS, Chap. xx.

1. **T**HOU shalt have no more Gods but me.
2. Before no Idol bow thy Knee.
3. Take not the Name of GOD in vain.
4. Nor dare the Sabbath-day profane.
5. Give both thy Parents Honour due.
6. Take heed that thou no Murder do.
7. Abstain from Words and Deeds unclean.
8. Nor steal, tho' thou art poor and mean.
9. Nor make a wilful Lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy Neighbour's dare not covet.

*The Sum of the COMMANDMENTS out of
the New Testament.*

MATTHEW xxii. 37.

WITH all thy Soul love GOD above,
And as thyself thy Neighbour love.

Our SAVIOUR'S Golden Rule.

MATTHEW vii. 12.

BE you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to Men,
Whate'er you would not take again.

40 DIVINE SONGS

Duty to GOD and our Neighbour.

LOVE GOD with all your Soul and Strength,
 With all your Heart and Mind;
 And love your Neighbour as yourself;
 Be faithful, just, and kind.
 Deal with another, as you'd have
 Another deal with you;
 What you're unwilling to receive,
 Be sure you never do.

*Out of my Book of HYMNS, I have here
 added The HOSANNA, and GLORY to
 the Father, &c. to be sung at the End of
 any of these Songs, according to the Di-
 rection of Parents or Governors.*

The Hosanna; or Salvation ascribed to CHRIST.

Long Metre.

I.

HOSanna to King David's Son,
 Who reigns on a superior Throne;
 We bless the Prince of Heav'nly Birth,
 Who brings Salvation down on Earth.

II. Let

II.

Let ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Age,
 In this delightful Work engage;
 Old Men and Babes, in Sion sing
 The growing Glories of her King.

Common Metre.

I.

HOsanna to the Prince of Grace:
 Sion, behold thy King!
 Proclaim the Son of David's Race,
 And teach the Babes to sing.

II.

Hosanna to th' eternal Word,
 Who from the Father came;
 Ascribe Salvation to the L O R D,
 With Blessings on his Name.

Short Metre.

I.

HOsanna to the Son
 Of David, and of God,
 Who brought the News of Pardon down,
 And bought it with his Blood.

42 DIVINE SONGS, &c.

II.

TO CHRIST, th' anointed King,
Be endless Blessings giv'n;
Let the whole Earth his Glory sing,
Who made our Peace with Heav'n.

GLORY to the Father and the Son, &c.

Long Metre.

TO GOD the Father, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, Three in One;
Be Honour, Praise and Glory giv'n,
By all on Earth, and all in Heav'n.

Common Metre.

NOW let the FATHER and the SON,
And SPIRIT be ador'd,
Where there are Works to make Him known,
Or Saints to love the LORD.

Short Metre.

GIVE to the FATHER Praise,
Give Glory to the SON,
And to the SPIRIT of his Grace
Be equal Honour done.

A SLIGHT

A SLIGHT
SPECIMEN
OF

MORAL SONGS,

*Such as I wish some happy and condescending
Genius would undertake for the Use of Children,
and perform much better.*

THE Sense and Subjects might be borrowed plentifully from the *Proverbs of Solomon*, from all the common Appearances of Nature, from all the Occurrences in civil Life, both in City and Country : (Which would also afford Matter for other Divine Songs.) Here the Language and Measures should be easy, and flowing with Chearfulness, with or without the Solemnities of Religion, or the sacred Names of God and Holy Things ; that Children might find Delight and Profit together.

This would be one effectual Way to deliver them from the Temptation of loving or learning those idle, wanton, or profane Songs, which give so early an ill Taint to the Fancy and Memory, and become the Seeds of future Vices.

I. *The*

I. *The SLUGGARD.*

I.

'TIS the Voice of the Sluggard; I heard
him complain, [again.]

"You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber
As the Door on its Hinges, so he on his Bed,
Turns his Sides and his Shoulders and his
heavy Head.

II.

"A little more Sleep, and a little more Slumber;"
Thus he wastes half his Days and his Hours
without Number;
And when he gets up, he sits folding his Hands,
Or walks about fauntring, or trifling he stands.

III.

I pass'd by his Garden, and saw the wild Brier,
The Thorn and the Thistle grow broader and
higher;
The Clothes that hang on him are turning to
Rags;
And his Money still wastes, till he starves or
he begs.

IV.

IV.

I made him a Visit, still hoping to find
 He had took better Care for improving his Mind:
 He told me his Dreams, talk'd of Eating and
 Drinking;
 But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves
 Thinking.

V.

[me;"]

Said I then to my Heart, "Here's a Lesson for
 That Man's but a Picture of what I might be:
 But thanks to my Friends for their Care in my
 Breeding,
 Who taught me betimes to love Working and
 Reading.

II. *Innocent PLAY.*

I.

A Broad in the Meadows to see the young
 Lambs,
 Run sporting about by the side of their Dams,
 With Fleeces so clean and so white;
 Or a Nest of young Doves in a large open
 Cage,
 When they play all in Love without Anger or
 Rage,
 How much we may learn from the Sight?

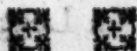
II. If

II.

If we had been Ducks, we might dabble in
Mud;
Or Dogs, we might play till it ended in Blood;
So foul and so fierce are their Natures.
But Thomas and William, and such pretty
Names,
Should be cleanly and harmless as Doves or as
Lambs,
Those lovely sweet innocent Creatures.

III.

Not a Thing that we do, nor a Word that we
say,
Should hinder another in Jestings or Play;
For he's still in earnest that's hurt:
How rude are the Boys that throw Pebbles
and Mire!
There's none but a Madman will sling about
Fire,
And tell you, "'Tis all but in Sport."



III. *The Rose.*

I.

HOW fair is the Rose? what a beautiful
Flow'r?

The Glory of April and May:
But the Leaves are beginning to fade in an
Hour,
And they wither and die in a Day.

II.

Yet the Rose has one powerful Virtue to boast,
Above all the Flowers of the Field:
When its Leaves are all dead, and fine Colours
are lost,
Still how sweet a Perfume it will yield?

III.

So frail is the Youth and the Beauty of Man,
Tho' they bloom and look gay like the
Rose:
But all our fond Care to preserve them is vain;
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

IV. Then

IV.

Then I'll not be proud of my Youth or my
Beauty,

Since both of them wither and fade :

But gain a good Name by well-doing my
Duty ;

This will scent like a Rose when I'm dead.

IV. *The THIEF.*

I.

WHY shou'd I deprive my Neighbour
Of his Goods against his Will ?

Hands were made for honest Labour,

Not to plunder or to steal.

II.

'Tis a foolish Self-deceiving

By such Tricks to hope for Gain :

All that's ever got by Thieving

Turns to Sorrow, Shame, and Pain.

III.

Have not Eve and Adam taught us

Their sad Profit to compute,

To what dismal State they brought us,

When they stole forbidden Fruit ?

IV. *Of*

IV.

Oft we see a young Beginner
 Practise little pilfering Ways,
 Till grown up a harden'd Sinner;
 Then the Gallows ends his Days.

V.

Theft will not be always hidden,
 Tho' we fancy none can spy:
 When we take a Thing forbidden,
 God beholds it with his Eye.

VI.

Guard my Heart, O God of Heaven,
 Left I covet what's not mine:
 Left I steal what is not given,
 Guard my Heart and Hands from Sin.

V. *The ANT or EMMET.*

I.

THESE Emmets, how little they are in our
 Eyes?
 We tread them to Dust, and a Troop of
 them dies
 Without our Regard or Concern:
 Yet, as wise as we are, if we went to their
 School,
 There's many a Sluggard, and many a Fool,
 Some Lessons of Wisdom might learn.

F

II. They

II.

They don't wear their Time out in Sleeping
or Play,
But gather up Corn in a sun-shiny Day,
And for Winter they lay up their Stores :
They manage their Work in such regular
Forms,
One wou'd think they foresaw all the Frost
and the Storms,
And so brought their Food within Doors.

III.

But I have less Sense than a poor creeping
Ant,
If I take not due Care for the Things I shall
want,
Nor provide against Dangers in Time.
When Death or old Age shall stare in my
Face,
What a Wretch shall I be in the end of my
Days,
If I trifle away all their Prime?

IV. Now

IV.

Now, now, while my Strength and my Youth
are in Bloom,

Let me think what will serve me when Sick-
ness shall come,

And pray that my Sins be forgiven:

Let me read in good Books, and believe,
and obey,

That when Death turns me out of this
Cottage of Clay,

I may dwell in a Palace in Heaven.

VI. *Good Resolutions.*

I.

TH O' I am now in younger Days,
Nor can tell what shall befall me,
I'll prepare for ev'ry Place,
Where my growing Age shall call me.

II.

Should I e'er be Rich or Great,
Others shall partake my Goodness;
I'll supply the Poor with Meat,
Never shewing Scorn nor Rudeness.

III.

Where I see the Blind or Lame,
Deaf or Dumb, I'll kindly treat them ;
I deserve to feel the same
If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

IV.

If I meet with railing Tongues,
Why should I return them Railing,
Since I best revenge my Wrongs
By my Patience never failing ?

V.

When I hear them telling Lies,
Talking foolish, Cursing, Swearing ;
First I'll try to make them wise,
Or I'll soon go out of hearing.

VI.

What tho' I be low and mean,
I'll engage the Rich to love me,
While I'm modest, neat, and clean,
And submit when they reprove me.

VII.

If I should be poor and sick,
I shall meet, I hope, with Pity,
Since I love to help the Weak,
Tho' they're neither fair nor witty.

VIII. I'll

VIII.

I'll not willingly offend,
 Nor be easily offended;
 What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
 And endure what can't be mended.

IX.

May I be so watchful still
 O'er my Humours and my Passion,
 As to speak and do no Ill,
 Tho' it should be all the Fashion.

X.

Wicked Fashions lead to Hell;
 Ne'er may I be found complying;
 But in Life behave so well
 Not to be afraid of dying.



VII. A SUMMER EVENING.

I.

HOW fine has the Day been, how bright
was the Sun,

How lovely and joyful the Course that he run,
Tho' he rose in a Mist when his Race he
began,

And there follow'd some droppings of Rain?
But now the fair Traveller's come to the West,
His Rays are all Gold, and his Beauties are
best;

He paints the Sky gay as he sinks to his
Rest,

And foretels a bright Rising again.

II.

Just such is the Christian; His Course he
begins,

Like the Sun in a Mist, while he mourns
for his Sins,

And melts into Tears: Then he breaks out
and shines,

And travels his heavenly Way:

But when he comes nearer to finish his Race,
Like a fine setting Sun he looks richer in
Grace,

And gives a sure Hope at the end of his Days
Of rising in brighter Array.

A CRADLE HYMN. 55

*Some Copies of the following HYMN
having got abroad already into several
Hands, the Author has been persuaded to
permit it to appear in Public, at the End of
these SONGS for CHILDREN.*

A CRADLE HYMN.

I.

HUSH! my Dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy Angels guard thy Bed!
Heav'nly Blessings without Number
Gently falling on thy Head.

II.

Sleep, my Babe! thy Food and Raiment,
House and Home thy Friends provide;
All without thy Care or Payment,
All thy Wants are well supply'd.

III.

How much better thou'rt attended,
Than the Son of GOD could be,
When from Heaven he descended,
And became a Child like thee?

IV. Soft

56 A CRADLE HYMN.

IV.

Soft and easy is thy Cradle:
 Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
 When his Birth-place was a Stable,
 And his softest Bed was Hay.

V.

Blessed Babe ! what glorious Features,
 Spotless fair, divinely bright !
 Must He dwell with brutal Creatures ?
 How could Angels bear the Sight ?

VI.

Was there nothing but a Manger
 Cursed Sinners could afford,
 To receive the Heav'nly Stranger ?
 Did they thus affront their LORD ?

VII.

Soft, my Child ; I did not chide thee,
 Tho' my Song might sound too hard ;
 'Tis thy { * Mother } fits beside thee,
 { Nurse that }
 And her Arms shall be thy Guard.

VIII. Yet

* Here you may use the Words, *Brother, Sister, Neighbour, Friend, &c.*

VIII.

Yet to read the shameful Story,
How the Jews abus'd their King,
How they serv'd the Lord of Glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

IX.

See the kinder Shepherds round Him,
Telling Wonders from the Sky ;
There they sought Him, there they found Him,
With his Virgin-Mother by.

X.

See the lovely Babe a dressing ;
Lovely Infant, how He smil'd !
When He wept, the Mother's Blessing
Sooth'd and hush'd the holy Child.

XI.

Lo, He slumbers in his Manger,
Where the horned Oxen fed.
Peace, my Darling, here's no Danger,
Here's no Ox a-near thy Bed.

XII.

'Twas to save thee, Child, from dying,
Save my Dear from burning Flame,
Bitter Groans, and endless Crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

XIII. May't

XIII.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy Days;
Then go dwell for ever near Him,
See his Face, and sing his Praise!

XIV.

I could give thee thousand Kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a Mother's fondest Wishes
Can to greater Joys aspire.

The E N D.



BOOKS published by the AUTHOR
for the Use of CHILDREN.

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Edmund Greaves His Son
God give him Grace that
he to look not to look
But understand for
Learning is better than
House or Land when
House and Land is
Gone and spent
Learning is never
Excellent

